



# GATHERED SMILES

**Quite Essential.**  
"Young Roxley is learning to be a machinist."  
"Ah, very commendable; wants to have a trade so that if anything happens to his fortune he can—"  
"Nonsense! No, he simply wants to be able to keep his automobile going."

**It Won't Happen Again.**  
Governor (at the consul's party)—I remember your face perfectly, sir, but your name for the moment has escaped my memory.  
Stranger—I am delighted to meet you again, your excellency. My name is Ivan Petrovich Swereczakiski.

**Incipient.**  
"My mustache is beginning to be noticeable at lawst," said the callow youth.  
"Yes," replied Pepprey. "It reminds me of the defeated pugilist I saw at that prize fight last night."  
"Aw, how was that?"  
"Down and out."

**Not That Kind of a Place.**  
"All my threats didn't bother him at all," said the collector.  
"No?" replied the merchant. "said we could go as far as we liked, eh?"  
"Well—er—I think the place he mentioned was farther than you'd like."

**Wanted to Have it Handy.**  
De Lush—Now, look here, McSosh, you don't want to go right back into that saloon again. Surely you're not thirsty so soon?  
McSosh—No, I ain't thirsty 'r' now, ol' boy—but say, tha' saloon's a good place to be in case I do get that way. Aint'it?

**Conveying an Impression.**  
"Why do you persist in your refusal to talk on public questions?"  
"Because," answered Senator Sorgum, "at the present time that is the surest way to convey an impression that you could say something important if you choose."—Washington Star.

**How It Looked.**  
"No, dear, I must refrain from kissing you until you return from the reception."  
"But why?"  
"Well, the last kiss I gave you after you put on your make-up looked like a wet oasis in a desert of chalk."

**A Uniform Deficiency.**  
"Yes, the general of the Venezuelan army is going to meet the French commander and arrange the details of the armistice."  
"Well, what causes the delay?"  
"The general had to borrow a pair of shoes and a calico shirt."

**On the Ocean Blue.**  
"When that storm was blowing yesterday," said the vivacious girl, "I just threw up my hands in despair."  
"Well," returned her escort grimly, "something got the matter with me, too, but I didn't—er—er—I didn't throw up my hands."

**Awful to Contemplate.**  
Weary Walker—"Wot yer lookin' so worried about, Ragsey?"  
Ragson Tatters—"I just read a piece in de paper dis mornin' where a scientific gent said: 'Doin' nothin' all de time is de hardest kind o' wor.' Gee! Suppose dat's true!"

**Had To.**  
"When we first got married my wife and I quarreled for a year about whether we should buy an automobile or a horse and buggy."  
"How did you settle it?"  
"We compromised on a baby carriage."

**A Helpful Wife.**  
Benham—A man told me to-day to mind my own business.  
Mrs. Benham—What reply did you make?  
Benham—I told him it wasn't necessary—that you looked out for that.

**It Probably Was.**  
"I heard a very loud noise in the hall early this morning, Thomas, a very loud, a very suspicious noise. What was it?"  
"I guess it was the day breaking, my dear."



Elizabeth (whose best young man had been invited to dinner)—Do you think his intentions are serious, mamma?  
Mother—I should say so! Why, he eats as if he already belonged to the family.

**Career Projected.**  
"So they won't let you say anything in congress?" said Farmer Cornucop.  
"No," answered the youthful statesman.

"Well, you jes' stand pat. One o' these days, when they come around and want you to talk, don't you say a word. Then you'll get the reputation of bein' a sphinx, which is one of the most valuable things a man in politics can have."

**As to the Tramps.**  
"Yes," said Shippin. "It's awfully dull in the shipping business; nothing at all to do. It's particularly hard on the tramp steamers—"  
"Why," exclaimed Jolky. "I should think tramp steamers would be delighted when there's nothing to do."—Philadelphia Press.

**Explanatory.**  
"Did you read about the girl who shot a burglar?"  
"The fellow the police said 'bled like a horse'?" Yes.  
"I have a theory about that."  
"Spring it!"  
"She shot a nightmare."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Decided.**  
"No," said Samson after he had brought down the house by his last shakedown. "I will never give another encore to this audience—that's flat."  
He was right: It was so very flat that not even the janitor's fragments could be recognized in the general debris.

**Rebuke or Encouragement.**  
"He kissed her on the forehead. The proud beauty drew herself up to her full height."  
"And then?"  
"He couldn't reach any higher than her lips, of course."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Ameliorating Circumstances.**  
First hobo—I sawed wood onet.  
Second hobo—And you one of the profesh! O, Clarence, how could you?  
First hobo—I got out of an old log jall.  
Second hobo—Forgive me, Clarence, fer misjudgin' you.—Terre Haute Star.

**It Depends.**  
"Don't you think this 2-cents-a-mile legislation for railroads is rather strong?"  
"Oh, I don't know. Automobiles have one cent for all the miles they travel, and that's stronger than any law can make it."

**Her Symptoms.**  
Mrs. Jawback—The doctor thinks you have gout and nervous prostration.  
Mr. Jawback—Why, the doctor hasn't seen me.  
Mrs. Jawback—No, but he saw me.

**Should Be Consistent.**  
"I really believe," said her jealous fiancé, "that you permit other men to kiss you."  
"Surely you don't object," replied the pretty girl. "You always declared you were opposed to monopolies."

**Another Family Row Started.**  
Young wife—I've taken very great pains over these biscuits, dear, and—  
The benedict—And now, I suppose, you want to see if they'll have the same effect upon me.—Stray Stories.



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**Bothered by the Lawyers.**  
Widow—If John had only made a will there wouldn't be all this difficulty about the property.  
Visitor—Do the lawyers bother you?  
Widow—Bother me? They almost worry me to death. I declare I sometimes almost wish that John hadn't died.—Tit-Bits.

**Good Job.**  
Tuner—"Your daughter told me to call and fix her piano."  
Pater—"Well, what ails it?"  
Tuner—"Three strings busted."  
Pater—"What'll you take to break the rest of 'em?"

**Ach, Louie!**  
"Don't you adore German?"  
"No. Language too de-collete."  
"Too what?"  
"Those gutturals—too low in the neck."—Cleveland Leader.

**Should Have Been a Year.**  
"In my new play thirty days elapse between the third and last acts."  
"You bot off easy."—Cleveland Leader.

## ALONG THE RIALTO.



Old Tragedian—Yes; I was once engaged to old Van Rocks' daughter, but I gave her up, preferring art to wealth.  
Snooks—And now I'll bet you'd like a return engagement.

**In Russia.**  
"Your excellency, we have executed every revolutionist in the province."  
"Well?"  
"But the revolution still goes on."  
"Then we must resort to more drastic measures."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Both Entitled to the Name.**  
Customer—Have you any extract of beef?  
Walter—Yes, sir. Brown or white?  
Customer—Brown or white?  
Walter—Yes, sir. Beef tea or milk?



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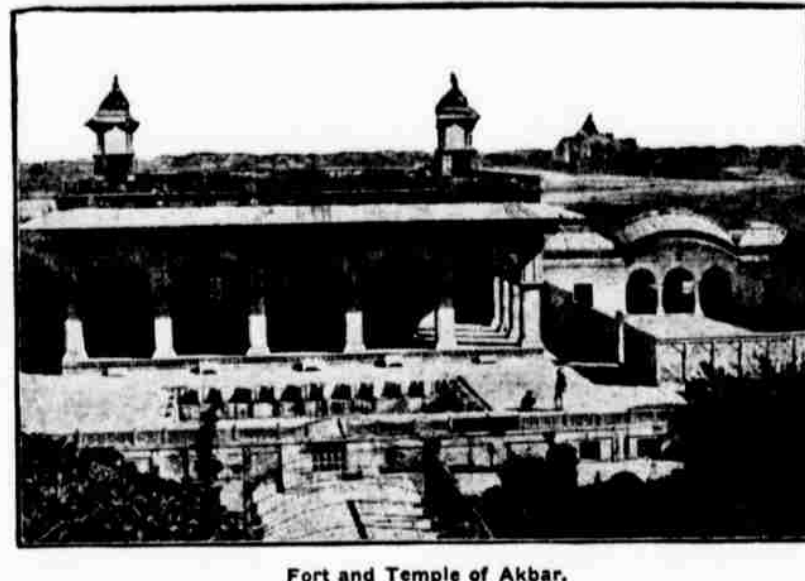
**The Real Shock.**  
"Don't you think the people in general are very much shocked by these revelations of big profits in graft?"  
"Shocked? Of course they are; that they didn't get in on the ground floor first."—Baltimore American.

**Dangerous Devotion.**  
"Bliggins' wife thinks he is the greatest man in the world."  
"Yes. That's very pretty and proper. The only trouble is that she is getting Bliggins to think so, too."

# India Supreme as Land of Idolatry

It seems hard to believe that in this civilized day there should exist anywhere such preposterous absurdities as are practiced in India in the name of religion. Although England has ruled here for more than a century, and the missionary societies have spent upward of a hundred million gold dollars in trying to make converts to Christianity, the mass of the people still adhere to the ridiculous practices of the ancients. We find them worshipping snakes and monkeys and held in awe by the false pretenses of charlatans and sorcerers. Although the message of the Nazarene has gone afar, it has affected India so little that the dead are still burned on the banks of the sacred

where an excursion on the water follows. After this the idol is dumped overboard, thus passing theoretically to paradise.  
One of the popular deities is Durga, the ten-armed goddess, carrying in her numerous hands as many different weapons, viz.: sword, dagger, lance, stiletto, saw, cleaver, knife, boomerang, tomahawk and screw driver. Durga is really a number of images joined in one group, among them being a son who is a war deity and another who is financial secretary to the gods. The group includes the birds and animals which the gods ride. The goddess herself is seated on a lion, while the war god bestrides a gorgeous peafowl, and the financial



Fort and Temple of Akbar.

river or left in towers for the vultures to devour.  
The sacrificial goat is tethered in the temple yard as in the days of the patriarchs, and the people are held in subjection by the fear that the priests will pronounce curses upon them similar to that which the Scriptures tell us Noah visited upon his son Ham. Superstition is so rife that when a Hindu starts to work in the morning, if his path is crossed by a cat or a snake or a jackal he considers it an evil omen and is quite likely to postpone the business until another day. Laborers frequently return from the field and put up their oxen for no other reason than this.

**Crazy Acts of Votaries.**  
The belief that generosity and physical ordeal are the means of winning the favor of the gods is so general that many worshippers give themselves over to disgusting and ridiculous acts of fanaticism. The forms this religious frenzy takes are innumerable. Sometimes a votary will vow to sit still in a chair for six months, while another will measure his length along the ground for miles in token of his submission to some particular idol. There are others who have held one arm in the air over their heads for years, until the joints became stiff and the uncut nails curved inward and grew through their hands. Some will fasten their jaws together with wire and take no food into the mouth except in liquid form. Enthusiasts are often met who have vowed to leave their hair untouched for months. These present a disgusting sight, as their tangled shocks are one mass of filth and vermin. Some vow to go naked in order to show their devotion, and there are even instances where a misguided

secretary a rascally rat. This rat is called a rascal because he has the unfortunate habit of eating all the rainbow gems which are said to be hatched by the peafowls which his brother rides.  
A Glimpse of Barbarism.  
The scene of one of the Pujas is a glimpse of ancient barbarism. Around the image are the prostrate supplicants, the women praying for male children and the men asking the favor of the destruction of their enemies. The offerings consist of piles of fruit and vegetables, bundles of cloth, pyramids of soaked rice, hill-locks of peas and cocoanuts, and hundreds of candles burning in broad day. On the outer circle dogs sit on their haunches and cats lick their mustaches at the sight of the tempting things piled in such profusion.

Clouds of incense smoke drift upward and the ground is stained with the blood of the goats whose heads have fallen under the sacrificial sword. Above the bedlam of voices is heard the metallic crash of huge bells and the thump of drums. The goats are beheaded one after the other by an immense butcher who is as black and fierce as the Duke of Thunderland. His name is Rama kantakamar, which reads the same backward or forward. He uses a fresh sword to dispatch each goat.  
The idol is twenty feet in height and is carried to the river bank on the backs of sixty bearers. The barge which conveys it to the middle of the stream is surrounded by fully two thousand row boats. As the motley flotilla drifts on the tire the uproar continues. Shouts and songs and jests are banded back and forth until the echoes ring with the discord. Finally the unwieldy image is toppled into the water, and the long orgy is brought to an end.

Such idolatrous scenes as this leave an unpleasant impression on the mind of the spectator. The bleating goats struggling in the hands of their gory executioners, the uncanny sounds of paganism and the shining faces of the half-crazed fanatics swarming around their gaudy idol, make one wonder if the real reason for India's misery and degradation is not the disobedience of the divine command: "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image . . . for I the Lord thy God as a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."—Frederic J. Haskin in Los Angeles Times.

**President Fallieres' Kind Heart.**  
Among the numerous stories told of the new president of France is this: At a banquet he dropped a piece of money from his pocket and a neighbor said he thought it was a 2-franc (40-cent) piece. "Let it be," M. Fallieres replied. "It will be a good find for the waiter," and he whispered to that person to look for the money. Later M. Fallieres was seen to let a 2-franc piece slide gently to the floor. He thought he was not observed, but when questioned explained that he had discovered that it was only a copper which he had dropped on to the floor in the first place, and that he did not want to disappoint the waiter.

**The Fitness of Things.**  
"Isn't it queer that a cultivated man like that should have such a turn for hand organs?"  
"It must be because he's a crank."



Pearl Mosque at Agra.

fanatic has cut off half his tongue and offered it to an idol—all in the name of religion.

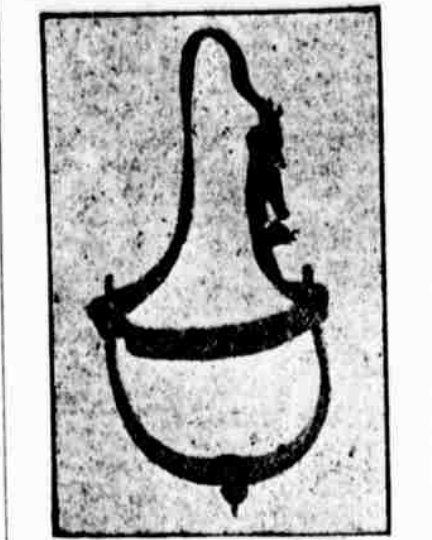
**Observing the Puja.**  
The religious festivals called Pujas are observed with a sentiment which approaches raving ardor. During the time of these demonstrations the entire population refrains from work and gives itself over to unmitigated carousals. The program consists of erecting an image of some particular idol, to which offerings of every sort are given and sacrifices of goats are made.  
After the image has been properly feted on land, the revelers form a procession on the bank of the river,

## SPURS WORN BY GEN. PUTNAM.

Relics of Revolutionary Hero Owned by Massachusetts Man.  
Among the choicest revolutionary relics in the country are the spurs worn by Israel Putnam when, according to the story, he dashed down the steps at Horse Neck, pursued by the British.

In the winter of 1778, as the narrative runs, Gen. Putnam was delegated to visit Horse Neck, Conn., now called Greenwich. The British general, Tryon, had been ravaging towns and villages along the sound, and at length, 1,500 strong, descended upon Putnam, with his little force of 150 men and two iron pieces.

Putnam drew up his men, with their field pieces, on high ground near



the meeting house, where they for a time repulsed the enemy.

Provoked and mortified that so insignificant a band could keep back his superior numbers, Gen. Tryon ordered a party of horsemen to charge the Americans.

Putnam directed his men to a swamp, saying, "Run, my lads, I will take care of myself." Waiting until the British swords almost reached him, he struck spurs into his horse, and, to the amazement of the pursuers, dashed down the seventy-five or 100 stone steps leading from the meeting house. No one dared follow him. Uninjured, though a ball had pierced his hat, Putnam rode to Stamford.

The spurs have come down through the descendants of Putnam. They are of brass, very heavy, and old-fashioned. They are now in the possession of a Westfield (Mass.) man.

## Australian Forest Trees.

Jarrah wood is the most magnificent, as well as the most valuable tree in the Australian forest. An average tree is about two hundred feet high, four feet in diameter at two to four feet from the ground, and about a hundred and fifty feet to the first branch. Trees of this size are usually sound in every respect, and turn out timber free from the blemishes of dry rot, gum veins and other defects to which large trees are subject. It is not unusual to find trees three hundred feet high, measuring a hundred and fifty feet to the first branch, and with a circumference at the base of twenty to thirty feet. From one tree alone as much as a hundred tons of timber have been cut. The timber is hard, heavy, elastic and tough. The grain is interlaced, giving it an extraordinary strength and making it especially suitable for engineering purposes.

## CURIOSITY THAT WAS MUTUAL.

But Perhaps Edward Everett Hale Didn't Really Want to Know.

More than twenty-five years ago the Rev. Edward Everett Hale had occasion to visit the town of Hingham, Mass., and, rising early the morning after his arrival there, he started out for a walk. There had arrived during the night before a circus company, and all of the residents seemed anxious to get a first glimpse of any one who had any connection with the show.

While Mr. Hale was enjoying his lonely walk he noticed a rather elder-



"Be You One of the Circus People?"

ly woman walking toward him. She was very straight and thin, and wore a checked gingham sunbonnet, and as she approached him, looking anxiously from his head to his feet and then back to his head, she asked in a nervous half-whisper: "Say, be you one of the circus people?"

Mr. Hale, without hesitating a second, answered: "No; be you?"

## Father of Many Lives Alone.

After being married three times and bringing up twenty children, William N. Crosby, aged 83, is living alone on his homestead farm at Brooks, Me.